

"forest aisles," and the branches of the trees interlaved each other, sheltering those who passed beneath from the sun's rays or the pouring rain. In this natural cloister three or four religious were walking, not conversing together, but each pacing silently along by herself. One was telling her beads, another had an open book in her hands, a third was apparently lost in meditation. They wore a coarse woollen habit of ashen gray, the heads of some were covered

ing in the door, and then, with a smile of welcome, admitted the party, and led them into the low-roofed parlour of small dimensions.

No grille in those tumultuous days separated the religious from their visitors and in a few moments the Mother Abbess and her Vicarress entered the room, and a warm greeting was exchanged between them and the new comers.

A striking resemblance might be traced between Mother Magdalene, the Ab-



RECEIVING THE VEIL.

with black veils, the others with white. The travellers did not approach them or even draw near enough to attract their attention, but winding their way across the pasture land, and then amidst some trees, they reached a long, low building constructed chiefly of mud, with a thatched roof, which was the convent of our Lady of Angels.

Flowers were trained to climb over the walls, and the last roses of summer were shedding their perfume around.

A nun peeped through the little grat-

bess, once Lady Katherine Nugent, and her sister, Lady Elizabeth, whom we so lately saw at Kilkenny.

Mother Magdalene was some years younger than her sister, and the face that was, once passing fair was worn and pale with long and keen anxieties, not for herself, but for her loved companions and children.

"Welcome, a thousand times!" said she to her visitors. "I expected some of you, at least. I felt sure the prayers of our fervent novice would be heard,